

A

REVIEW  
OF THE  
STATE  
OF THE  
BRITISH NATION.

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Thursday, December 4. 1707.

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THE Pacquet of *Reviews* not coming to hand this Post, on Account of the Badness of the Roads, as 'tis presum'd; the Reader is desir'd to accept of a Copy of Verses, by Way of Diversion, as they were some time since transmitted to us in the following Letter; and next Post we hope to make ample Satisfaction for this Omission.

S I R,

" THO' I pretend not to call my self a Poet, or the Son  
" of a Poet, yet I may own, I am a Friend to the Art,  
" and under its Influence; My Thoughts seldom find in Entertainment of this Nature, but t'other Day presenting themselves

“ selves to my View in the Posture you now see them, I with  
 “ some Freedom and Pleasure pursued them through the follow-  
 “ ing Lines, which have now escaped from me to put themselves  
 “ under your Conduct : Pity my Infelicity, if my Ambition out-  
 “ runs my Wit, in suffering the impotent Off-spring of an Infant  
 “ Muse to be exposed to the Publick : If it have any essential  
 “ Defects, 'tis no Sin to stifle it ; Whether you patronize It, or  
 “ censure, or slight it and Me, It shall not in the least diminish  
 “ the just Respect I have always had for you ; And am, tho'  
 “ unknown,

*Sir,*

*Your very humble Servant,*

*J. A.*

I.

**R**EASON sometimes unlocks the Chains,  
 In which the Fancy fetter'd lay,

A Captive to her Righteous Sway :

But Fancy unconfin'd.

Incites the Passions to rebel against the Mind ;  
 That, by her Guidance ; They'll no longer move ;  
 But with unequal Paces wildly Rove :

Drag on the Soul she knows not where,

That, all amaz'd ! She loses Fear and Care,

And on the heated Passions Necks she drops the Reins :

And then she's hurried on

With Vehemence to Things before unthought upon ;

Desires, and ne're debates,

Extreamly Loves, and then with equal Ardour hates :

Whilst Fancy in a Transport spends it's Hours

In Triumph o're the Captive Nobler Powers ;

Till it's weak Nature tires,

And Passions feavourish Fires,

Extin-

Extinguish'd by their Motion, can no longer burn,  
Expire in one great Blaze, and sink into their Urn,  
And to their several Posts unsatisfi'd return.

II.

Her bright Pavilion now the Mind regains,  
And with New Resolution holds the Reins,  
And all the Rebel Passions with a Curb restrains :  
Thus steadily she steers  
Her Course between th' Extreams of Joys and Fears ;  
Pinions the Fancy's Wings,  
And it's wild Efforts within Compass brings ;  
Lest with too eager flight,  
She should be hurried on too near that Light,  
Would with Confusion dazzle her into Eternal Night.

III.

Thus Reason guards the Throne ;  
And then the Mind in Peace moves calmly on :  
Surveys the spacious Field of Nature,  
The manifold Phenomena of Matter ;  
Beholds the Noble Creature,  
Discerns a various Beauty shine in every Feature.  
Admires the Art,  
The Wisdom, that's display'd in All, and every Part :  
'Till, by the Glorious Rays  
Reflected from the Glass of Nature,  
The Soul is fir'd with Praise  
Of the Perfections of the Universal Lord Creator ?

IV.

Thence with a steady Motion springs,  
And, as she mounts, surveys the various Species of Things :  
Reads over Nature's stated Laws,  
Discerns how Consequence connected is with Cause: Ab-



Abstracts her Thoughts from Prejudice, and Sense,  
 Whilst they from Nature's Top their flight commence,  
 Beyond the Boundaries of Matter,  
 To view the Intellectual Nature ;  
 Unlimited to trace  
 Through all the boundless Realms of space,  
 To search the Infinite Eternal Mind,  
 And the Extreame of Omnipresence find ;  
 Conceive what Mighty Power was That  
 Of Nothing all Things could create,  
 And can Existences annihilate :  
 Imagine how a Sp'rit begins to be ;  
 How Immaterial and Material join ;  
 How these two Natures can One Person be ;  
 What Energy of Power there was to finish this Design.

## V.

But here benighted Reason's lost,  
 Her boasted Power fails :  
 Asham'd to find her Expectation cross'd,  
 Her blemish'd Majesty she veils ;  
 Whilst at Uncertainty she's hurried on,  
 And through the vast Expansion roves ;  
 Resolves on This, then That, then all she disapproves ;  
 Till, with Impatience urg'd, she quits her tottering Throne ;  
 Still grasps, fain would, but cannot comprehend ;  
 Her Bounds are fixt, her Empire never hither can extend.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

*These are to give Notice,*

THAT MARY KIRLEUS, the Widow of JOHN KIRLEUS, Son of Dr. THO. KIRLEUS, a Sworn Physician, in-ordinary to King Charles II. Sells (rightly prepar'd) his Famous Drink and Pills; experienc'd above 50 Years to cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, itch, Scurf, scurries, Leprosies, Running of the Reins, and the most inveterate VENEREAL Disease, with all its attending Symptoms, without Fluxing, Confinement, or destructive Mercurial Preparations: These incomparable Medicines need no Words to express

their Virtues; the many miserable One that have been happily cured, after gives over by others, sufficiently recommend them as the most Sovereign Remedy in the World against all such Malignities: She cures many after Fluxing, and in Compassion to the distressed, will deal according to the Patient's Ability. The Drink is 3 s. the Quart, the Pill 1 s. the Box with Directions, and Advice Gratis.

††† She lives at the Golden-Ball in Hand Court, over against great North-street in Holborn.